

Dispelling Myths (Or, How To Get Your Bonded to Stop Worrying and Enjoy The Orgy)

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Dispelling Myths (Or, How To Get Your Bonded to Stop Worrying and Enjoy The Orgy)

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Summary

Years of Autobot propaganda get in the way of good kink and Megatron will not stand for it.

Notes

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Optimus squirmed.

Not as much as the night before, obviously - Megatron didn't think anything could make his mate wriggle around as much as that - but still his field flickered and he shifted around nervously on the berth. "Be still," he ordered gently, setting his hand across the small of his back, weighing him down for a brief klik. It worked and the Autobot relaxed into the berth, just like he had the last two times. Megatron removed his hand. "We can wait a bit if you want?"

"No, it's better if we do this the next morning." Optimus squished a second pillow under his chest, propping himself up so he could see the TV better. "Okay. Ready."

Megatron hit play.

On the screen, Decepticons lounged and wandered past the camera. A few of them were kissing or fully entwined, but those were settled out of the way, allowing a full view of the real draw that evening. The EM field next to him remained calm and steady, and Megatron felt his anxiety drain away. Instead his attention become fully absorbed by the Optimus onscreen, shuddering through climax as someone kissed their way up his spike. (Now this was embarrassing for him; how could he forget to turn the camera on first?) The colorful frame of his bonded was hanging from the wall, arms bound behind him with tape, blindfold over his optics. A deceptively simple-looking black mask covered his mouth, and two straps attached to the wall hooks were wrapped around a knee joint each, pulling his legs open and back. It couldn't be seen on the recording, but behind him was a section of padding built in to the wall to keep his back from scraping or denting.

Even through the screen, Megatron could see the pretty little valve on display, flushed full and trailing lubricants and transfluid. One day he wanted to kiss and clean and take it properly in front of the few he allowed to come to these events, but that day was still very far off. He looked aside and saw Optimus' legs were spread slightly, his panel back and valve visible. There was a bit of pinkness there, but he was still dry, and his mate didn't squirm or touch himself. No, he was completely entranced by the proceedings before him, and he was still calm, if a little warm.

Good. No hiding his face, at least not yet. "Did you like the seekers?" He asked, watching a trine - only a little drunk - come scurrying up to him and his Autobot in a burst of confidence. The trio, after a quick check with Megatron, had pressed themselves close, stroking and petting the trembling plating before them. One of them, a lovely purple mech, dropped to his knees and pressed kisses to the wet valve.

"I could hear their wings scraping each other."

"There's not a lot of space between your legs," he pointed out playfully. On screen, he arched beautifully, especially when one of them took his spike into their mouth, and his friend began playing with one of his pedes. "He's so delicate," he remembered her saying. "How do you not break him every time you're together?"

"He's stronger than he looks," he had said with a laugh. Their expressions were awed by the Autobot in their grasp, how open and trusting he felt against them. He had seen civilians who still avoided looking at their fellow Decepticon citizens, who traveled in groups when the sun went down. Optimus had not seemed worried, told him it was only nerves and curiosity and they would feel more comfortable the longer they lived together, but Megatron knew his soldiers were being cautious around them. They were so small, after all, and most of the population were recovering from ages of propaganda.

If these recordings ever got out, he didn't like to imagine what conclusions they would draw.

The trine left his Autobot in peace, offering compliments as they drifted away, giggly and energized. He asked, "how're you feeling?"

"Good," Optimus said, but it was almost automatic and he took a moment to think. "Still a little embarrassed. If - if anyone ever found out - "

"No one's going to find out," he promised. "I know everyone who comes to these parties, and none of them would shame you that way." He paused for a klik. "Remember what I said? They respect you."

"I don't see how."

"That's propaganda speaking." Honestly, those Prime-damned stories about Decepticons taking

Autobots away as slaves were so vexing! Worst of all he couldn't even blame Sentinel as the culprit, because they were older than him. "What did I say last time?"

Now his mate did cover his face, but it was more out of exasperation than anything else. "'Interfacing is an act of mutual enjoyment, regardless of how it proceeds.' Thanks, doctor. You sound just like Ratchet."

"Look up."

Optimus did. His face burned with heat; a large warframe was jerking himself off between his legs, one hand cupped under his aft to hold him close. "Who is that?"

"It's Forewarn, remember? He was at the Benzuli cluster with you. Third wave?"

"Oh," he muttered, optics wide. Sticky ropes of transfluid were dripping down his pelvic span, over his valve. The big mech dropped to one knee and began cleaning him up, licking and sucking away the mess, and Optimus dropped his face into the pillow, kicking his pedes against the berth in a burst of energy.

Megatron hit pause. "What's wrong?"

"Nothing. Everything. I don't know."

"Can I touch you?"

"Yes."

Again he placed his hand across his back, further up so he could rub his shoulders and neck. His mate heaved a sigh and went limp against his pillows. "What are you, when you're at these parties?"

"Entertainment?"

"Try again."

Optimus chewed at his lip, lifting his head to actually look at the captured image. "Temporary pet?"

Despite himself, Megatron smiled. "You Autobots are so imaginative. No."

"Um." His mate pulled his legs under him and pushed himself up, shoving a pillow between his legs so he could sit on it. It was going to need cleaning, and he found himself momentarily distracted by the cute little spike that had emerged. "Umm. I don't know."

"Do you know," he asked, trying not to feel smug, "just how many compliments you're paid when you allow them to get this close to you? How many times I heard beautiful and *lovely* and he's so precious?"

Optimus tilted his head down slightly, but didn't hide away. He glanced aside, saying nothing, and Megatron reached out to pull him and his pillow up against his side where he relaxed once again. The recording went on, mechs and femmes finding their courage to come up and bring his Autobot to overload, to leave scuffs of paint and smears of transfluid on his chassis. More than a few dipped their fingers into the large cube below him, borrowing his lubricants for their own nefarious purposes, and he saw a handful touch the small glass plug nestled in his aftport. A spindly helicopter kissed him right on his mask, a near-chaste peck he found honestly adorable. "Did you like the gag?"

The blue and red bot kicked his legs out in front of him, helm resting on Megatron's arm. "I did."

"It wasn't too much?"

"No, it was perfect. I like silicon anyway."

"Tell me how it was perfect."

Optimus peeked at him, barely lifting his helm and a rare show of amusement lurked in his optics.

"What, are you proud that you chose a nice one? Fine. It fit in my mouth just right, it didn't stretch my jaw, it didn't press on my intake - it was soft so I could chew on a little."

"You chewed on it?" How curious.

"Just when I needed to." Optimus sighed. "Last night felt like forever. Was it longer than the others?"

"Only by a breem and a half. I had to have a couple shuttles called to take them home." He squeezed the smaller bot against his side, just once. "You're such a treasure here. A prize who's deigned to let others share pleasure with him. Don't let yourself think otherwise."

"You're very bossy." The tone was so full of affection it made his spark hurt a little, and then Optimus was rising up on his knees, turning his bonded's helm to kiss him. "You know, not a lot of Autobots would like being called a 'prize', right?"

"It's a compliment," he muttered against the lips nibbling at him. "At least in this instance."

He sunk back down onto his aft, wrapping his arm around the much larger one that kept him close. "I know."

The party went on for a while longer, but there wasn't much else of note. There was only so many different things his Decepticons could do within the boundaries that had been set, and though he knew their appreciation would do his mate some good, there was a different part of a recording they had yet to talk about. "Do you want to see the previous party clip? The one I told you about beforehand?"

Immediately the frame beside him cringed. "Yeah, I... guess there's no point in putting it off any longer."

"You can, if you want."

"No." His little bot straightened up, even as dread began to fill his field, leaving it prickly against his own. "I want to see who it was, anyway. What if run into them on the street, or at work?"

He switched recordings, accessing the second party they had hosted. Finding the right timestamp, his finger hovered over the button. Optimus felt so *nervous* it left an echo of discomfort in his spark. "It's not as bad as you think."

"Just hit play?"

So he did.

The set up was much like the first and third parties. Despite his mortification, Optimus liked being on display, liked being unable to cover himself up when mechs and femmes came close to appreciate his frame. Megatron even knew he preferred when there was more than one field pressed up against him, although this was from the excitement and arousal that spilled over his side of the bond than an actual confession. He liked seekers not because of their particular appearance, but because they

tended to come in threes.

On screen, two smaller frames came into view, hands linked between them. They seemed skittish even on tape, and Megatron remembered how nervous they looked once they got near him. They had pressed closer together, as if for protection, gazes darting between him and the Autobot tied up just to his right.

"Is that really Optimus Prime?" The femme asked, stealing looks at him.

"It is. How did you find your way in here?"

"We overheard... at work, there's a few Decepticons in the office and they offer to walk us home when we stay late. One of them - " he stopped. His companion had elbowed him in the side.

"Reverse said we could come. When it was just us and him, he said there was a party about - about, uh - "

"Pleasure," the mech blurted out, face going pink. "He said you were looking for two Autobots and asked if we wanted to come."

"Did he explain all the rules?"

They both nodded. The angle of the camera didn't show it, but he recalled how dark their faceplates had grown the further they went into the conversation. "No pictures or videos," she offered.

"And no full interfacing or untying him."

"And we wouldn't tell anyone, either."

They were so cute. Even if they were a little too small, a little too thin-plated for his tastes, he understood why Reverse had taken a shine to them. "Go on, then. Indulge."

They moved like it was a command, but both hesitated once they were pressed up against Optimus. One of them, the femme, leaned forward to nuzzle at his spike, humming quietly to herself. Her creamy yellow plating stood out against dark blue and red, and a few Decepticons were doing their best to spy on them and not be too obvious about it. Her companion, a soft lavender plated bot, had his attention elsewhere. He squirmed under her, hands raised to hold Optimus still, his thumps pressed into the sensitive joints of his inner thigh. He looked a fair bit less confident than his friend, and by the hitch of his shoulders Megatron would bet he knew they were being watched. If anything it seemed to give him more courage, and he quickly buried his mouth in the soaking array in front of him, tongue plunging eagerly into the waiting valve.

Without warning, Optimus fell onto his lap, bring a second cleaner pillow to bundle under his chest as he watched the TV. He stretched out his legs, pressing his weeping spike into the bedding but otherwise refraining from any stimulation. These recordings were for observation and conversation, not for interfacing (at least not the first time around), but with a warm chassis weighing heavily on his array, it was suddenly much harder to remember that.

"I remember them."

"Oh?" He asked, trying to force his mind back on track. The two bots on screen had either come with a plan of attack, or were planning out what to do over comms, because she was now swallowing around his spike, one hand resting on his abdomen as she pressed her nose to his plating and he was sucking hard on the bright red exterior node. Two fingers had pushed into Optimus' open valve, his thumb pressing on the flared base of the plug.

"They felt smaller than me. Not just their frames, but their EM fields didn't have as much reach. They felt warm, though."

"Oh?" He said again, and could have smacked himself. On screen his bonded was thrashing as much as he could, static charge crackling along his seams in overload.

Thankfully, Optimus laughed. "Yes. *Oh*. I don't recognize them, but they're cute."

She was pulling away, frame trembling slightly as she sucked at the head of his spike, drawing every last bit of transfluid out. The mech below was panting as if he'd run a mechamile, sticky lubricants painting his face and trailing down his hand. The frame they had so enjoyed was hanging limp and exhausted from his bindings, excess charge rolling off and jumping in little arcs toward them. The mech dropped to his knees, head hanging low, just barely missing the cube - and then blushed bright pink once he noticed the contents. She leaned on him, one hand on his shoulder, and both jumped when Reverse popped up behind them.

Megatron looked down. Optimus was smiling, watching the two suddenly grow shy after their exhibition, until Reverse knelt down and gently scooped them into his arms. They both leaned on him as he carried them away, conversation too quiet for the audio to pick up. "So, did he...?"

"Yes, he did. I have it on good authority he's trying to plan their first outing."

Optimus Prime, conqueror of extremely dangerous Decepticons, bringer of peace and uniting force of Cybertronians, laughed so hard he fell off of Megatron's lap. "Is that what you Decepticons think *flirting* is?"

"It worked, didn't it?"

His mate slapped at the remote and finally found the power button. He swept the pillows off the berth and fell onto his back. "Interface with me."

Primus fragging *finally*, he let his housing fall open and his spike pressurize. His valve was slick with arousal, a bead of fluid sliding down his leg once his panel was back. "Well, if you insist."

He held his arms out, grinning openly and the joy in his spark flooded through the bond. "Pick me up. Pin me down."

Megatron leaped to obey. "So demanding, too." He pressed his mate into the berth, grinding his spike against the sopping heat of Optimus' valve; immediately the little mech wrapped both legs around his waist, baring himself without remorse. He was so open and ready that Megatron pushed right in without pause, earning a gasp of shocked pleasure as his spikehead squeezed it's way past swollen internal nodes and nerve bundles. He sucked and kissed at the neck cables and faceplates before he was too deep. Optimus turned his helm away, but he was laughing and squirming as he did so. "You're in a good mood."

"You were right. It wasn't as bad as I thought."

Pulling his mate to the hilt of his spike, he let himself take a klik or two just to feel the ripple and loosening of calipers around him. "Has it occurred to you that many of your Autobots might have tastes that run similar to your own?"

"Has it occurred to you we're supposed to be 'facing and not talking anymore?'" Unbothered by the impressive weight holding him down, he nuzzled at the chestplating in front of him, then added, "and they're not my Autobots."

They basically and emphatically *were* his, but that was a topic for another day. For now, Megatron took hold of the slim hips pushing against his own. Afterwards they would shower off and then take a bath together, maybe go out for a while to show off how easy it was for an Autobot and a Decepticon to be together. But for now, Megatron would give his bonded everything he desired and more, and that would be more than enough for both of them.

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